

Local Items

All About Our Town And Its People

Miss Edna Kidd went to Lansing Saturday for a week end visit with Mrs. M. D. Clark and other friends.

Miss Irma Kidd left Saturday for a few days' visit with friends in Canton, O. From there she will go to Oklahoma City, Okla., to resume her school duties.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Blett left Monday morning for Elizabethtown, Ky., to join their daughter, Mrs. Pearl Himmlinger and make a trip through the south with merry-go-round.

For sale—One ton used Republic truck, bargain if taken at once. Ames & Unger.—Adv.

Marie and Elma Hull of Ashley returned home Wednesday after visiting for a time with their grandmother, Mrs. Melissa Cobb.

Miss Pearl LaBrecque of Boyne City, Mich., arrived in the city Saturday and is working in the local mills.

Mrs. Ray Stanton of Detroit returned home Friday after a week's visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kingsbury.

For sale—One ton used Republic truck, bargain if taken at once. Ames & Unger.—Adv.

Mrs. Raymond Clark and son, Donald of Lansing spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Forest Fish.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Conrad of Rockford, Ill., arrived Tuesday to spend a few weeks with J. M. Griffin and family. They make an annual visit here and this is the one for this year.

Pads—Just the thing to figure and scribble on, at two for five cents at the Banner-News office.

Bert Gregg and family spent Sunday in Vermontville returning on Labor day.

Last week Thursday the families of L. Hockstad, Mr. and Mrs. Deming, Mr. and Mrs. Wiersma, Leigh Nason, mother and children spent the afternoon at the home and on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Upholt. A big picnic dinner in which they all indulged most heartily was an attractive feature of the occasion.

Mrs. Quin Altenberg and family of Ionia spent the week end at the Greene farm.

W. J. Altenberg and son Clarence visited friends here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Joslin returned Monday morning from Grand Lodge, where they had been to visit a new grandson, who arrived at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Floyd Pratt, on August 26. Mrs. Floyd Joslin and daughter, Matha, who had been their over Sunday guests, returned home with them.

Pads—Just the thing to figure and scribble on, at two for five cents at the Banner-News office.

Mrs. Gitchell returned from Lansing Monday where she had been for a brief visit with her four daughters and son, the latter having recently returned on a furlough from El Paso, Texas where he has been stationed the past 14 months impatiently waiting to "go over."

Beautiful, glossy, healthy hair for those who use Parisian Sage. Get a bottle of this delightful hair invigorator from Wortley & French on guarantee of satisfaction, or money back.—Advertisement.

There will be a meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock at the Congregational church to talk up the matter of calling a pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Wells and four children and Mr. and Mrs. Wingard and two children of Toledo motored up Saturday for over Sunday visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, returning Monday morning.

For sale—Buick automobile, running condition in good shape, \$125.00. Ames & Unger, Phone 318.—Adv.

A divorce has been granted in the case of Rebecca Sayles vs. Orland Sayles, both local parties.

Miss Alta Ward of Lansing visited friends here the first of the week.

W. H. Shaw is still seriously ill. Mrs. Theron Jenne of Sherman has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hudson for several days.

Miss Carrie Carter visited her brother in Grand Rapids over Sunday.

Lt. Dodge, a nephew of Pat Roe, of Camp Lee, Va. and Mrs. E. Shivel of Lowell and Miss Helen Shivel of Constantine, Mich., were visitors at the Roe home on Pleasant street on Tuesday.

The Rebecca Thimble party will meet at the Oddfellow hall Saturday afternoon. Refreshments will be served at 5 o'clock.

The cider mill on South Bridge street will start Saturday, Sept. 14, instead of Sept. 7 as announced last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson and family and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Loyer and family motored to Macatawa park last Thursday and spent a few days with Mr. Loyer's sister. On the return trip they stopped at Grand Haven, Spring Lake and Muskegon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Hain visited the latter's sister at Grand Rapids on Sunday.

For sale—Buick automobile, running condition in good shape, \$125.00. Ames & Unger, Phone 318.—Adv.

Miss Flossie Bruff left Saturday to attend the Ferris institute at Big Rapids.

Miss Marjorie Gitchell has gone to Evert to resume her studies in the Evert high school where she will be a junior this year.



The Red Cross members are more than pleased with the genuine response for help Labor day. The flag carried by Misses Aselin, Bailey, Klock, Cusser, Vincent, Pinkham, and Biss was well filled by cheerful donors. The young ladies were very enthusiastic and worked with a vim. The auto load of little children carried by Mr. Cusser voted unanimously to turn in the prize to the Red Cross, \$10, the 17 children in the auto ranged in age from 2 years old to 11 years. The money in the flag amounted to \$152.25, from the auto prizes, \$10.

The sewing classes commenced work again this week, working from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. The quota must be finished by the middle of the month.

As soon as we receive the surgical dressing quota we will call the class through the medium of this paper.

"THE SOLDIERS WRITE SUCH GOOD LETTERS"

(Continued From Page One.)

Say, folks, you should see the airplanes around here; it's nothing to see 15 or 20 in the air at one time. When you write send a special delivery letter and I'll be able to get it before I leave. I sure would love to be home but we are here such a short time it is impossible to get a pass and it would take 5 days for me to come home and have any time to visit you. It won't be long let us hope, until I am home for good.

My little wife was going down to see Hub for awhile. Don't worry about her for she will be true to me I am positive. I guess I'll go over to Hempstead tonight, it's only about 3 miles and walking is fairly good, ha, ha.

Well, folks, be sure and write right off the reel. I hope you got the cards I sent when coming from Frisco here. Be sure and don't worry about me for I will be all o. k. Write to Quenie lots and keep her cheered up.

Well, I will close for now as I can think of no more to write about.

Bye bye, and love to each and every one of you and the next time you hear from me I may be in France. Bunch of love from

Pvt. George R. Whitney, Hdq. Co., 67 Regt., C. A. G., Camp Mills, Long Island, N. Y.

Charles Cowles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Cowles, of Alderman street, tells of war life as he sees it in France in a recent letter to his parents, which is as follows:

At the Front, Somewhere in France

Sunday, July 28, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home:

I will now answer your welcome letter received some time ago. I am well and feeling fine and hoping this may find you the same.

I came in from the front last night for a couple of days' rest and to get cleaned up a little. But am not so far back but what I can still hear the heavy whizzing over my head.

I put in 21 days at the front without any relief but yesterday got a man to take my place.

We had our first introduction to Fritz last Sunday night and Monday morning. We were in one of the fiercest artillery barrages since the war was started. The French say that it was equal to Verdun. But say, we sure learned something about modern warfare in a short time. We were a bit surprised at first but it is getting to be an old story now and the boys go about as cool headed as if they were at drill. A fellow will be a good dodger after he gets out of here, for dodging shells and shrapnel is no joke at times. I often wondered how it would feel to be under fire and I tell you that I sure have done a lot of thinking for a while but when our guns opened up and began to eat the ammunition there was plenty to do for everybody and we forgot all about what was coming our way and passed them back to Fritz. I was sowing ammunition and we stopped firing only when our guns became so heated that the breech block set and put the guns out of commission. But all the guns are working again today and the boys are backing up and we are going to keep him on the move. Well so much for that scrap and we are ready for the next. The big

shells sure sound a little unfriendly especially when a fellow wants to get a little sleep but we should worry as we are sending back three for every one that comes our way. I guess that you can see by the papers that the Yanks are busy and they are going to keep busy until it is finished over here. Our division will probably soon be relieved and I will have more time to write.

I haven't had much time to myself as during those three weeks we have taken up nine new positions and it means some work every time we move forward but it's cheaper to move than pay rent especially when we are always moving forward. Fritz sure started something when he started on July 15 only he has been going backward so fast that it keeps us moving to stay within range of him.

We haven't only been in one of the hottest artillery barrages but we are constantly under fire as the big guns seem to never rest. But at that Fritz hasn't anything on the American gunner. So far our battery has been the forward battery of the regiment and we have sure showed up good. I will tell about one instance when our O. P. caught sight of 300 Germans working on a new battery position and a well directed barrage of shrapnel wiped out the entire bunch not even a single boche returned to tell the story. But that is only one of the chances at getting even with Kaiser Bill.

So far we have been lucky and only lost two men. Maybe we won't always be that lucky. But we sure are going to give them hell as long as we last. I think that if we can keep them moving the way we have that the war will be over by Christmas for it is going to be a different tune when our shells begin to land on German soil. I have found out that Mike is over here somewhere but have been unable to locate him and I have been expecting to hear from Earl most every day. There is very little chance of my seeing him over here and it would only be a chance in one hundred of him getting into this division. Well about all we can do is hope for the best and now I will be drawing this to a close. I will write whenever I can and if I can do anything to help out don't be afraid to let me know.

With love and kisses from your soldier boy, Chas.

Chief Mechanic C. S. Cowles, Bat'y. B. 10th P. A., A. E. F. France.

Frank W. Lowden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Lowden, who is stationed in a hospital at Otisville, N. Y., writes the following letter to his parents:

Otisville, New York, August 5, 1918.

Dear Ones All:

Just a line to let you know I am well and do think of you yet. But right now I feel rather much under the weather from the heat. I was out and drilled an hour this a. m. and when I returned I just had to give up.

I nearly fell by the wayside, so you see how tired I was. Mother, here is where I got my first experience and it nearly did me out; one of our M. D. corps boys passed out of this world yesterday at 3 o'clock p. m. The disease was found to be diphtheria. His home was in Dodson, Mo., and how I hated to notify his parents for I know how they would feel about it being so sudden. Well, we are going to have a real military funeral, we are to have a firing squad and fire 36 rounds or a volley of shots, also the whole M. D. corps is to turn out for a parade. I think it will be tomorrow. I stayed right by him till the last minute and wet his mouth and any other thing I could do for him, but believe me it was no easy job and I felt so bad I hardly knew what to do for it was my first time to care for the dying but now I am worth more to Uncle Sam. When he had gone I went out in the country about five miles and had a nine time considering the occasion.

Well, what do you think of the way I write my letters? Now I don't get time to write with a pencil so do the next best thing. Well, it is nearly time for me to go off duty so will ring off for now and finish it later as I expect to get some time tomorrow. So will say good night for now.

August 5, 6:45 a. m.—Well how are you this morning? I feel much better than I did last night and this is a fine day, just elegant and I don't have to drill today. Well I must say good bye and will write soon.

From your son and brother.

Otisville, N. Y., Aug. 13, 1918.

Loved Ones All:

Just a card to let you know I am well and hope you are the same. Oh, say, I don't have my mail addressed like it used to be. I will give you my address. I am out at Howls, N. Y., 5 miles from the camp and the real old lady said to tell you not to worry about me and be very proud to have a lad like that to give to Old Glory, also to tell you she loved me, an old lady 65 years old.

Bye, bye, love to all.

Corp. W. Lowden, Gen. Hospital No. 8, Otisville, N. Y. P. S.—I was promoted to corporal yesterday.

Pat Rowe is in receipt of the following interesting letter from his nephew, Charles, who is in the service in France:

July 25, 1918.

Dear Uncle:

In a letter home, a short time back, I said I would tell you a little more about this timber over here. While it seems to me that I covered the ground pretty well in a former letter to you, I will go on into details and risk telling the same facts twice.

The forest that we are in is a seed-ed forest. We are now harvesting the first crop. Some of the forest lands near here have already raised several crops. The trees are now in

rows, although I have seen them so far in other places. I imagine that pine cones were scattered by hand over this district, took root, and the saplings started to grow, as they advanced in growth, the foresters thinned them out and cut away the poorly formed trees. I have seen places where this was not done and the trunks of some of the trees had grown into outlandish shapes, almost like pretzels, and absolutely worthless for anything, even for good firewood. Of course, nothing is wasted, the culls are bundled for firewood and the tops and small branches left on the ground to rot and form a soil. When the trees are in the neighborhood of 20 years old and are of about 10 inches in diameter they are first tapped for pitch. The bark is seared on one side for a length of probably six inches, and an earthen cup placed at the bottom of the scar. These turpentine gatherers take a lease on a certain number of trees for the season. They begin searing in April and keep it up until October. Every month they make the scar a few inches longer and during the seven months till their cups, which hold about a pint, probably twice each month. The scar on the tree heals during the winter and when the next season begins a new scar is started a quarter of the way around from the former one. I don't know just how long a tree will yield the pitch, but there finally comes a time when the scars have become so long that the gatherers carry a ladder around with them to get at his cups. I have been told that this yield of pitch in a mature tree will have paid for the expense of raising the tree and bought the land it grows on and that receipts for the tree at the mill is all valued.

The trees that we are cutting are about 40 years old; they will average 20 inches diameter at the butt, and contain 180 feet of lumber. The specie is called Maratime Pine from its ability to do its best along the sea-coast.

The method of cruising is simple and about the same as it is done at home. The cruiser takes an average patch and steps off a rectangle about 20 yards wide and 80 yards long then counts the number of trees within this space and measures them. Then goes on further across the tract and does the same again. This will give the average contents per tree in the tract. If the tract is purchased, all the trees on the tract will be counted. From this you will see that this stuff is quite small.

Of course, now and then we get fair sized logs up to 30 inches but not frequently. I believe that the French value this kind of stumpage around \$35 a thousand. You can see why the people over here build their houses mostly of brick, stone and concrete.

The longer I stay here the more chances I have to know the French people, the more respect I have for them. They do nothing that they do not do well. Since I wrote you

last, I have been on a seven day rest furlough to a little seaside rest further up the coast, to Arenahon, I had the opportunity to live in a little French hotel, to go bathing in the salt water every day and to look around the rest of the time, just looking on at whatever happened to be taking place.

First, you are struck by their neatness; the streets were kept as clean as our best pavements at home. A man might have only a yard 30 feet square, but in it he planted some flowers, set out a few trees and made a little park in which he took his meals in the warm weather, and where he and his family sat in the long summer evenings. While they are a hard working people and very frugal, still they never seem to be hurried and never parsimonious. The one criticism that we had was that we could get nothing done in a hurry. When we ordered breakfast and allowed an hour to catch a train—we missed the train.

I went into a French barber shop for a shave. A French barber will never shave me again. I'll wear whiskers to my knees first. He shaved me clean all right—clean to the bone, but he was very polite and cheerful about it, and I would have been a pretty short sport to be any less so myself.

The French moving picture shows that I went to, showed mostly American films. They always have a singer in between the reels—usually a disabled soldier, and when they sing the marching songs of the poilus, the audience tears the roof off the place.

My last day in Arenahon was the day the first news came in of the recent Franco-American offensive. That day, I suppose 20 people stopped me on the street as they did the rest of our fellows who were there with me and told us in English—if they could speak it and in French if they had to, what fine soldiers our troops were and what a great fight they were putting up.

Of all the allied troops in France, the Americans are the favorites; we see that in many ways every day.

For my own part I can only wish that by some means I could get up to the front and take a real hand in the big game.

With love, Sgt. C. C. Roe, Co. F, 4th Batt., 20th Engineers, A. E. F.

Notice To Farmers. We have permission from the government to grind rye, for hog feed, provided you are short of other feed for your hogs. E. Chapple & Co.

Long Lake Bus. I will run a bus to Long Lake, Heth's pavilion Saturday evenings, taking passengers for the dance. Bus will leave from P. M. depot at 8:00 o'clock p. m. Bert Riker.

Every Woman a Soldier in her Kitchen



Every woman wants to help to the utmost limit of her capacity, but frequently she doesn't know how.

How to use white flour substitutes and secure desirable results is frequently a problem. The Director of our Domestic Science Department, Miss Elizabeth Mathison, has devoted her entire time for months to experimenting and proving recipes. The few on this page have all been tried and proved. Miss Mathison will be glad to furnish others and may be consulted freely by mail or in person on any subject of household economy.

Buy These Quality Products From Your Local Grocer



Graham Muffins
1/4 cup brown sugar.
1/2 cup corn syrup.
1 egg.
1 scant tablespoon fat.
1 cup sour milk.
1 teaspoon soda.
A little salt.
2 cups "Yes, Ma'am" Graham Flour.



Biscuits
2 cups Rowena Self-Rising Biscuit Flour.
2 tablespoons fat.
Cold milk or milk and water to make a soft dough.
Roll out lightly to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut and bake in a hot oven.
Rowena Self-Rising Biscuit Flour is especially suited for cakes and pastry.



Pancakes
2 cups Rowena Pancake Flour.
1 tablespoon sugar or syrup.
Sweet milk to make batter of desired consistency.
Bake at once. Do not use sour milk, soda, salt or baking powder.



Wheat Bread—Two Loaves
3 cups water, or milk and water.
1 compressed yeast in 1/4 cup lukewarm water, or 1 cup liquid yeast and 2 1/4 cups additional liquid.
1 tablespoon sugar.
2 teaspoons salt.
1 tablespoon fat.
About 6 cups Lily White Flour.
Have liquid lukewarm, add yeast, salt, sugar, and fat. Sift in flour to make a batter and beat well. Add flour to make the loaf hard enough to knead. Have the dough for rye bread considerably thicker than for wheat bread. Do not attempt to knead it but work it by folding it over. Let rise until double in volume, cut down with a knife and let rise again. Shape into loaves and let rise. Bake in a little slower oven for a little longer period than wheat bread. If liquid yeast is used, set the bread with a sponge.



Rye Bread
3 cups water, or milk and water.
1 compressed yeast in 1/4 cup lukewarm water, or 1 cup liquid yeast and 2 1/4 cups additional liquid.
1 tablespoon sugar.
1 tablespoon fat.
About 8 cups Rowena Rye Flour.
Have liquid lukewarm, add yeast, salt, sugar, and fat. Sift in flour to make a batter and beat well. Add flour to make the loaf hard enough to knead. Have the dough for rye bread considerably thicker than for wheat bread. Do not attempt to knead it but work it by folding it over. Let rise until double in volume, cut down with a knife and let rise again. Shape into loaves and let rise. Bake in a little slower oven for a little longer period than wheat bread. If liquid yeast is used, set the bread with a sponge.



Johnny Cake
2 cups Golden G. Granulated Meal.
1/4 cup Lily White Flour.
1/2 cup sugar.
1 cup sour milk.
1/2 cup salt.
2 level tablespoons fat.



Pancakes
2 cups Rowena Self-Rising Pancake Flour.
1 tablespoon sugar or syrup.
Sweet milk to make batter of desired consistency.
Bake at once. Do not use sour milk, soda, salt or baking powder.

AUCTION SALE!

The undersigned, having been appointed special administrator of the estate of Jessie E. Cook, will sell at the owners late home, on the Ed. Treynor farm, 3-4 miles east of Green's church, east of Belding, on

Tuesday, Sept., 10, 1918

at one o'clock in the afternoon of said date, the following articles to wit:

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| 1 Horse, 6 years old, weight 1,200 | 1 Wagon Box |
| 1 Horse, 13 years old, weight 1,000 | 1 Buggy Pole |
| 1 Horse, coming 3 years old | 1 2-Seated Buggy |
| 1 Cow, 5 years old, giving milk | 2 Single Buggies |
| 1 Cow, 4 years old, giving milk | 1 Pair Heavy Sleighs |
| 1 Cow, 4 years old, giving milk | 1 Light Driving Sleigh |
| 1 Cow, 3 years old, giving milk | 1 Caldron Kettle |
| 1 Yearling Heifer | 1 Grindstone |
| 1 Yearling Steer | 1 Set 1,000 lb. Scales |
| 1 Calf | 1 18-Tooth Spring Drag |
| 3 Brood Sows | 4 Walking Cultivators |
| 23 Pigs, about 6 weeks old | 1 Drag Cart, new |
| 1 Manure Spreader | 1 Wagon |
| 1 Land Roller | 2 Single Harnesses |
| 1 Riding Cultivator | 1 Work Harness |
| 1 75-Tooth Spike Drag | 1 Cider Barrel |
| 2 Walking Plows | About 2 Tons of Hay |
| | About 8 Acres of Potatoes on Ground |

TERMS OF SALE

All sums of \$5.00 and under cash, sums over that amount three months time will be given on bankable notes at 7 per cent interest.

FRANK TREYNOR, Special Administrator
O. A. Rasmussen, Auctioneer Alex Robertson, Clerk